

BATURDA T JULY 16, 1904

THE CRY OF THE OLD HOUSE.

Come back! little lads, come back! little maids, with starched frocks; My lads, my maids, come back!
The poplar trees are black
against the keen, lone, throbbing sky: The tang of the old box
Tills the clear dusk from wall to wall. And the dews fall. Come back!

watch, I cry: cave the rude wharf, the mart; Come back! blse I shall break my heart.

Am I forgot;
My days as they were not?—
The warm, sweet, crooning tunes;
The Sunday afternoons,
Wrought but for you; The larkspurs growing tall, You wreathed in pink and blue, Within your prayer-books small; within your prayer-books small;
The cupboards carved both in and out.
With curious, prickly vine,
and smelling far and fine;
The pictures in a row,
Df folk you did not know;
The toys, the games, the shrill, gay rout;
The lanterns, that at hour for bed.
A charmed, but homely red. went flickering from shed to shed; The fagots crumbling, spicy, good, Brought in from the great wood; The Dark that held you all about; The Wind that would not go?—Come back, my women and my men, and take them all again!

Come back!
Come up the still, accustomed, wistful lands,

The poplar-haunted lands.

You need not cail,

For I shall know,

And light the candles tall,

Bet wine and loaf a-row.

Come back!

Unlated the deep. Unlatch the door. And fall upon my heart once more.
For I shall comfort you, oh lad;
Oh, daughter, I shall make you wholly glad! The wreck, the wrong, The unavailing throng.
The sting, the smart,
Shall be as they were not,

Forgot, forgot! Come back And fall upon my heart!
-Lizette Woodworth Reese, in the At-

SKIPPING ROCKS By EDGAR WILTON COOLEY

(Copyright, 1994, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

THE boy, followed by his dog, swung down the clover-fringed path, under the tangled branches of the trees. He was barefoot, and his arms and legs and face were brown as an Indian's.

In the air was the lazy drone of bees. Small, fleecy clouds floated overhead, their shadows scudding across the hills and the river like ebony-winged birds. The ripples of the stream kept singing to the grasses overhanging. Everywhere was the perfume of the wi

At the ford the dog dashed into the stream, lapping the water and splashing It into circling eddies that chased each other across the placid bosom. The boy paused at the brink and pick-

ing up a flat rock sent it skipping across the water, far down the stream. This he followed with another and another and yet another. Above him, at the bend of the river, a dozen cattle stood in the shadows, knee-deep in the tide. Along the path, presently, came a

man. He was large, portly and wellgroomed. There were many streaks of gray in his hair. He paused and watched the boy skip-

ping the rocks. A smile overspread his



HE PAUSED AND WATCHED THE BOY SKIPPING THE ROCKS.

face, and he, too, descended to the water's edge and picked up a large, flat With an awkward swing he sent it

across the water. It skipped once, twice, then sank beneath the surface. The boy looked up and laughed.

"That ain't the way," he said. "You want to get limber in your joints and stoop down low, like this. Then the rock will go clear into the mud on the other side.

The dog splashed out of the stream and shook the water from his glossy fur. A king-fisher swooped down from a branch with a discordant shriek, skimmed along the surface of the water a short distance, and returned to its perch.

"I have come a thousand miles to skip rocks at the old ford, here," the man said, "and now I find I can't do it like I used to."

The boy looked at him wonderingly. You came a thousand miles to skip rocks?" he asked, incredulously.

"Yes," the man replied, gazing across the river at a sandpiper running along the bank. "When I was a lad like you, I used to come down here and skip rocks, just like you ha e been doing. There user to be a few hole right there under MALL ONS BEE SCTOTS

yonder, where you see the twig sticking out of the water, there was a muskrat's

"If you have a fishin' pole and some minners I can take you where you can catch some shiners." interposed the boy, his face brightening.

"I'd rather stay here and skip rocks," replied the man. "There wasn't anybody who could beat me at that when I The dog curled himself in the deep

grass. From the river's bend came the occasional tinkle of a cow-bell. High overhead a hawk circled slowly in the blue of the sky.

The boy gazed at the man's heavy gold chain and at the diamond in his shirt front. "Gee, I'll bet you have lots of money,"

he said. The man laughed, good naturedly. "Well-yes," he said, "I have all I think I will ever need. But then," he placed his hand on the crown of the boy's torn hat, "I can't skip rocks like

you can, can I?" "No," said the boy, proudly. "There ain't nobody around here can do that." ton of coal I got here yesterday?" "I got rich after I left here," said the man, after a pause, "but do you know, I am sorry I ever went away." "Why?" asked the boy, digging his

toes in the wet sand. "Because I was happier here than I have ever been since," said the man.

The boy loked at him questioningly. "You see, I have forgotten how to skip rocks," continued the man. "That is one of the big things I have lost. And then, don't you know, all the time I have been gone I have seemed to hear the ripple of the river, and have dreamed of wading in the water and seeing the minnows dart away from my bare feet. And there hasn't been a day that I haven't thought of her pure, young face."

The boy grinned. "Who is 'her'?" he asked.

"Oh," said the man, as though awakening from a dream, "she was a little barefoot girl I knew when I was a boy. She was always with me when I was fishing or wading in the water. She grew up and so did I. Then we had a silly quarrel and I went away."

"Gee!" exclaimed the boy, excitedly. "Did you see that big fish jumpout of the water?'

The dog raised his head, wearily, gazed at his master a moment, then lowered it again. A blue bird darted through the trees, and a turtle, sunning himself on a log, slipped into the water with a faint splash. Somewhere in the damp grass a cricket was chirping.

"I wish I was a man and had lots of money," said the boy.

"And I wish I was just a boy and didn't have to wear shoes and could skip rocks like you can," said the man. "If I could see the sunshine gleaming on the bronze of the hair of that little girl I used to know, I wouldn't care whether I had any money or not."

"I don't like red headed girls," sald the boy. "I like girls that's got-Gee! That old fish jumped again. Bet I come down here tomorrer an' catch 'im." "Where does your father live?" asked

the man. The boy threw himself in the grass be-

side-the dog and let his hat fall on the "Papa's dead," said the boy. "He died long while ago. I guess the reason I don't like red headed girls is because my ficed to form?" hair is kinder-what did you call it-

He raised himself on one elbow and glanced up the hill.

"And your mother?" asked the man. "That's her comin' down the path," ment.—Puck. replied the boy. "Guess she must want me for somethin'."

The man busied himself a few mo- hostess just introduced me to your ments with skipping rocks. Then he wife, old man. What a lovely liquid turned and saw the woman standing be- voice she has!

Her sunbonnet had fallen back upon liquid to suit me. It never dries up. her shoulder and the sunlight was —Cincinnati Enquirer. gleaming upon her auburn hair. On her

face were the lines of long years of sorother's eyes. Then the man held out his tist at the halls.

hands "Jennie." he said, "let's go wading in the river.' The woman's face flushed, but her eyes

brightened and she put her hands in his. They were trembling.

"Bob!" she cried; "oh, Bob!" Then gently freeing one hand, she turned her face away and lifted her

apron to her eyes. "I am sorry," he said, "I-" "No, no." she cried, quickly, "don't

be sorry, Bob, don't be sorry; oh, be glad-as glad as I am. I believed-I knew if you heard that-that he was dead-

The boy was sitting upright in the grass, watching them with wondering eyes. The man saw him and smiled. "Jennie," he said, still holding one of her hands, "your boy can beat me

skipping rocks. Just watch him once." The boy sprang proudly down the bank and gathered up several flat pebbles, which he sent, one after another, skimming across the water.

But neither the man nor the woman saw them. For the woman's head was buried on the man's bosom, and he was kissing the bronze of her tresses.

Grilled Lion Steaks. An explorer who has often by compulsion eaten the flesh of animals not generally used as human food says that grilled lion steaks are delicious, and much superior to those of the tiger; that the flesh of the rhinoceros, properly prepared, has all the good qualities of pork; that the trunk and feet of young elephants resemble veal; and that stewed boa-constrictor is a splendid substitute for rabbit.

Steel Furniture on Warships.

All the ships of the United States navy are being supplied with steel furniture. Experiments carried on for several months have proved that almost all the essential furniture of warships can be made of steel. Serious damage was done during the Spanish war by the even a sting to the compliments they furniture of ships catching fire, the pay each other."-Chicago Post. cruiser Baltimore having suffered severely in the battle of Manila.

It doesn't pay to favor some folks, as they will come and ask you for more favors.-Washington Democrat.

Asked and Answered. Little Willie-What's a cannibal, pa? Pa-One who loves his fellow man, my son -Chicago Dally News.

Fun For Fun Lovers.

Limit Is Reached. "These blooming correspondence schools ought to be suppressed," snorted the old editor, throwing down

the paper he was reading; "they're trouble breeders." "Why," remarked his assistant, "I never heard you exclaim against them before.

"No, but here's one of them that offers to teach people to write poetry." -Catholic Standard and Times. No Real Grievance.

"Say," complained the customer, "I want to put in a kick. Remember that "Yes, sir," said the dealer. "What's the matter with it?"

"You sold it to me as your best smokeless. I find it has a lot of broken stone in it. "Well, stone doesn't smoke, does it?

To Get the Real Thing. "I tell you, automobiling is excit-

What are you kicking about?"-Chica-

"Think so?" "I know it."

"Well, if you want real excitement, you want to give up your automobile and take to driving on roads where automobiles are thick. You don't begin to get all there is coming in the excitement line."-Chicago Post.

Steadfast.

"A woman should be able to trust her husband," said the idealist, "and feel that he has the courage to remain steadfast in his purpose, despite rebuffs."
"Well," answered young Mrs. Tor-

kins, "that's exactly the kind of man Charley is. He has lost at every race meeting for the past three years, but he is just as steadfast in purpose as ever. -Washington Star.

Her Preserver. Miss Pert-Who was that you just bowed to?

Miss Passay (who had once been rescued from a watery grave)-He is a man I can never repay. He is my preserver, my-Miss Pert-Oh! is he the manufac-

turer of that complexion paste?-Philadelphia Press. Perfect Bliss.

"Name your three wishes," said the good fairy. And the individual addressed did not

hesitate a moment. "First," he said, "make me a millionaire, with (second), the appetite of a small boy and (third), a digestion to match."-Brooklyn Life.

Dramatic Forth. "How far," mused the dramatist of the old school, "should substance be sacri-

The dramatist of the new school stared perplexedly.

Worked Overtime.

Singleton (at the reception) -Our

Wedderly-Yes; but it's trifle too

Lightning Change. Husband-inWaiting-I must take you

An instant the two gazed into each to see the woman lightning-change ar-Wife-Is she good?

Husband-Great! She puts on her hat in less than 15 minutes .- Punch.

A One-Sided Affair. Should Satan ever go to law He'll win his case, I'm satisfied; Because the lawyers, one and all, Will doubtless be upon his side. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

CONSIDERING PRICE OF COAL.



Bobuppe-It's a shame the way be treated you, but you should heap coals termined to bring that young one up of fire on his head. Flareuppe-What! With coal at the -Judge. present price? Say, I'm not that fond

The Audience. They listen to the orator,
Then as they homeward walk,
They say: "We don't believe him,
But we like to hear him talk."
—Washington Star.

of revenge.-Chicago Journal.

Unquestionable Evidence. "Are those girls really friends?" "Oh, yes, indeed. Why, there isn't

Was She in Danger? She-I will scream if you kiss me. He-Then I won't kiss you. She-But-er-I feel just like screaming, anyway.-Judge,

Take-a-Bita. Benson-Bought a sawmill, eh? What are you going to do with it? Jenson-Bring out a new breakfast food .- Town Topics.

Variable.

The conversation turned upon the derman from the 'Steenth ward. What do you suppose he's worth?" asked the man with the patch over his

"Nobody knows," said the man with the cinnamon beard. "Sometimes you can buy him for \$50 and at other times It takes \$500."-Chicago Tribune.

Unprotected.

The stage manager catches one of the actors smoking behind the scenes. "Here! you can't smoke on the stage." he says. "What's the odds? The scenery is

fire-proof." "But you're not." As the actor discovered when he got his two weeks' notice.-Judge.

She Hated to Tell Her Age. Judge-How old are you? Lady Witness-I can't remember. Judge-What year were you born in? Lady Witness-I forget.

Judge-Well, madam, your instinct for self-preservation still seems to work all right.-Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Inadequate Pay. A man and his bride by the parson were

tied,
And when the performance was done,
He examined his fee; the "Alas!" e
claimed he;
"I add one to one and make one." ex--Philadelphia Press

HIS INVENTION.



What a funny hat that is" "Yes, mum; it's a sort of a combination sunshade an' lightning rod."-Chicago American.

Lovely Woman.

Oh, woman, in our hours of ease
As quiet as a fellow please;
But when he's busy how you walk
Around his chair and talk and talk!

Houston Post. Mistake Somewhere.

"Mr. Millyuns," said the poor but aristocratic widow, "allow me to present my while autobiography shows him as he "Good Heavens, madam!" exclaimed young Millyuns, "there must be a mistake somewhere. I'm not a senator from Utah."-Chicago Daily News.

The Strenuous Visit. Mack-Do you think Emeline had a

good time? Kate-I guess so. Mother and I "When you say substance, you doubt- took to our beds after she left, and she less mean costume," said he, after a mo- writes that she took to her bed as soon as she got home.-Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune

> Not Entirely In. "Are you in society?"

"About half in." "What do you mean by that?" "I'm always invited to society entertainments given to raise money for

Sure Enough Exasperation. "Two things make my wife awful

charity-and that's about all."-Chicago

"What are they?" "To get ready for company that don't come, and to have company come when she isn't ready."-Indianapolis Jour-

Poorly Supported. Bacon-How did you enjoy the new play, last night?

Egbert-Not at all; I never knew a star to be more poorly supported! "And yet they say she has four living husbands!-Yonkers Statesman.

Evidence of Effort. "Has you association ever accomplished anything noteworthy?" "Yes, indeed," answered young Mrs.

Torkins. "You just ought to see the un-

finished business it has accumulated."-Washington Star. Still Wearing Black. Smith-Brown has been a widower three years and he's still wearing mourning.

Jones-You don't say! Smith-Yes; he dyes his whiskers .-Chicago Daily News. Rich Tastes. Mrs. Newlywed-John, I think baby

has swallowed my pearl necklace.

with the tastes of a millionaire's child. Does Food Affect the Face? She-That new boarder who came today has a beautiful olive complexion.

He-Well, after she's been here a few

weeks I guess she'll have a prune com-

plexion.-Yonkers Statesman.

Mr. Newlywed-Gad! You seem de-

Those Dear Friends. Stella-Is her house furnished in any especial period? Bella-No; exclamation points.-Brooklyn Life.

Easy Either Way.

They were discussing domestic matters with masculine confidence. "There's only one way to keep a cook," arm in a sling. asserted one. Bocker-Yes; an accidental discharge "How is that?" asked the other. "Marry her."

"But suppose you're already married?" "Easy again. Any time that you can't darling? make the cock your wife, why, make your wife the cook."-Brooklyn Eagle. | for any other girl.-Tit-Bits.

An Easy Way Out. "So this is your birthday? How old

are you?" "Don't you know," she indignantly replied, "that it is a sign of bad breeding

to ask a lady about her age?" "Oh, no; not in all cases. It is only unmannerly to ask how old a lady is when one has reason to believe she is old enough to be ashamed of it."

Then she invited him to sit down so they could have "a nice, long visit."-Chicago Record-Herald.

A Professional. Tramp-No'm, I am not a wood-sawer, mum. I draw. Gimme a square neal and I'll show you.

I draw flies."-N. Y.

Housekeeper-Well, it's worth it to see a man like you do anything at all. Tramp (after meal)-Thankee, mum. Now I'll go and lie down in the "But you promised to draw."

Her Reproof.

"Yes'm.

Weekly.

cago Post.

"Did I understand you to say you tourted investigation?" said Mr. Grafton Grabb's wife.

"Yes," was the answer. "Well, it is a very unfortunate phrase, Everybody who has read anything from the classic poets to a seaside novel knows that a man doesn't mean half he says when he's courting."-Washington

Unsatisfactory. "I watched for opportunity." "And it never came?"

"Oh, yes, it did." "And you grabbed it?" "I did." Well?"

"Well, I found it was only an oppor-

tunity to make a fool of myself."-Chi-

Nearing the Limit. "Do you know, darling," said the lovesick young man who was busy planting microbes, "that I believe it makes me a better man every time I kiss you?"

"Well," rejoined the taffy-haired girl in the parlor scene, "at the pace you are going now there will soon be no more room for improvement."-Cincinnati

Went with Her. Mr. Subbabs-So you got rid of the girl at last?

Mrs. Subbubs-Yes; she left a few minutes ago, and-Mr. Subbubs-Huh! She took her time.

Mrs. Subbubs-Yes. and our time, too.

The parlor clock is gone.—Philadelphia

About the Size of It. "Mamma," queried small Floramay, "what is the difference between biog-

raphy and autobiography?" "Biography, my dear," replied the wise mother, "shows a man as he is,

thinks he is."-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Only a Few Scraps. He-When a young couple are married they always have good things to eat during the honeymoon. She-And after the honeymoon,

"Oh, then come the scraps."-Yonkers Statesman.

A Sure Way.

Why did you borrow that \$10 of Jagsby? You surely didn't need it." "No; but he's such a deuced bore, I wanted some plausible excuse for not

noticing him on the street."-Puck Caught. I wrote the girl a letter.
Oh! Most unlucky day!
Her lawyer has that letter:
It's marked "Exhibit A."
-Philadelphia Press.

QUITE SIGNIFFOATE



Maud-I'm afraid Sister Bella's husband doesn't love her any more. May-Heavens; why not? Maud-He hasn't quarreled with her

Essay on Man. Ten years old, a happy child; One-and-twenty, vote age; Fifty, philosophic, mild; Seventy, anecdotage. -Judge.

for a week.

A Promise. "I'll give you a nickel, but I want to know how you'll spend it.' "All right, boss. Hand it over, an' at de end of de month I'll send you a itemized account!"-Chicago American.

A Mean One. Mrs. Popley-Everybody says the baby is very like me. Miss Cutting-Yes, the dear little thing! What tat ankles she has .- Philadelphia Press.

It Makes a Difference.

"Is speculation dangerous?"

"That depends on whether you try it or not."-Chicago Post. Cause. Knicker-I notice Jones carries his

of his cook.-Brooklyn Life.

Booker's 18 W. Baker St.

A FULL LINE OF FINE GROCERIES AND FRESH MEATS & VEGETABLES

Wood and Coal, Cigars and Tobacco. -

AT THE LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY GIVING ME A CALL

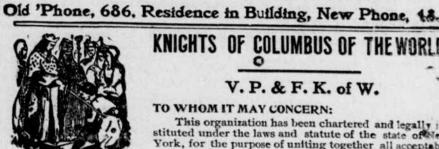
ALL GOODS DELIVERED TO YOU FREE. TELEPHONE 1307-

C. BOOKER, Prop. 18 W. BAKER ST. RICHMOND, VA.

W. I. JOHNSON, FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER.

Office & Warerooms, 207 N. Foushee St. Corner Broad. HACKS FOR HIRE:

Orders by Telephone or Telegraph filled. Wedding, Suppers and Entertainments promptly attended.



KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS OF THE WORLD

V. P. & F. K. of W.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: This organization has been chartered and legally is stituted under the laws and statute of the state of New York, for the purpose of uniting together all acceptable men on the Broad Bases of Charity Beneficial

Fraternal and to promote the Social and Moral condition of humanity.

Its two distinct military and uniform ranks will secure for this organization. place in the front ranks of all sacred institutions of modern events, a grand opposiunity for active men. Deputies wanted in all sections of the country to organise G. W. ALLEN Supreme voyager,



Mechanics' Savings Bank OF RICHMOND, VA

-511 North Third Street .--Cap ital, \$25,000.

amounts above \$1.00 which remains 60 days and over. Money Loaned on Satisfactory Security.

H. F. JONATHAN,

Business Accounts Handled Promptly. Amounts of ten cents and upwards received on deposit. This establishment is fitted up in the most improved style, having a large white vault, burlar-proof steel chest, electric lights and every modern convenience for safety and the accommodation of the public.

For all information concerning Stocks, Deposits, Loans, etc., apply to the

Money received on deposit and interest paid on a

Banking Hours have been arranged for the special convenience of the working people as follows: 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Saturdays, 9 A. M. to 3 P. ... We close Saturday at 3 P. M. and open again at 5 P. M., remaining open zntil 7 P. M. Call by as you come from work.

OFFICERS: JOHN MITCHELL, JR., President. H. F. JONATHAN, Vice-President. THOS. H. WYATT, Cashier. BOARD OF DIRECTORS: REV. W. F. GRAHAM, D. D., JNO. R. CHILES,

E. R. JEFFERSON H. F. JONATHAN,
J. C. FARLEY,
E. A. WASHINGTON, R. W. WHITING,
JOHN MITCHELL, JR., FRES. WINSTON'S

ICF-CREAM Is in Every Style, Wholesale and Retail. Parlors Open Day and Night Special Attention to Picnics, Festip vals, etc. Estimates given.

All the latest and most popular drinks of the fountain, fresh on hand. TOBACCO AND CIGARS. Phone, 2253. WINSTON'S, 537 Brook Avenue.

PAINTER. 14 W. Baker St., Richmond, Va. Residence, 1 E. Orange St. Prompt attention given to all mai

All Kinds of Painting Done Cheap

FRANK WALLER, JR.

PRACTICAL HOUSE

LOOK OUT FOR OUR PRICE LIST. -IT CAN'T BE EXCELLED-

Your Patronage is Invited.

The AMERICAN GROCERY

orders Satisfaction guaranteed

and Provision Market 1221 St. James Street. Bocker—Yes; an accidental discharge of his cook.—Brooklyn Life.

When you want nice dry, sawed pine wood, call up 2888. We sell 1/2 cord for sell of the miture and save time and money.

Bocker—Yes; an accidental discharge of his cook.—Brooklyn Life.

When you want nice dry, sawed pine niture and save time and money.

Passenger elevator.

A full line of fancy and staple grooteries and fresh meats. Granulated sugar this week. There are no good the grooteries and fresh meats. Granulated sugar this week. There are no good the good this week. There are no good the good that the good the good the good the good the good this week. There are no good the goo

THOMAS M. CRUMP, SEC'z.

THOMAS SMITH JNO. T. TAYLOR,

WILLIAM CUSTALO,

Furniture

PARLOR SUITS

We have some twenty-five or thirty suits bought, most of which will be in stock in a Give me a call before going elsewhere few days. "Don't do a thing" until you see this line. MORRIS CHAIRS.

> of rest will be in as much demand this fall as ever. Part of our stock has already arrived and \$10 values vie with \$15 values of a year ago. Oall, see our stock of Bed Room Ful

This always popular chair

B. P. VANDERVALL,

J. J. CARTER,